

The Nice, Diary Of An Empty Day

There's no particular season
To lose your wit or your reason
It comes without warning
It might be today or the morning
I can't think what to say
My mind's a blank today

I want to write words to this music
But my head's all set to refuse it
I can't think of words to this music
No reason or rhyme to abuse it
I can't think what to say
My mind's a blank today

I could write a book this way
A diary to an empty day
I could write a book
Fourteen lines in fourteen days

I could write a book
A diary to an empty day

I want to write words to this music
But my head's all set to refuse it
I can't think of words to this music
No reason or rhyme to abuse it
I can't think what to say
My mind's a blank today